2: Mountford E-5 (1954) 1958
OI20 Tiwi OI20

773 This behaviour led to a great deal of trouble, developing later into a fight in which many of the *Maludaianini* men were wounded.

After that fight, the *Maludaianini* men rose into the sky and became the Milky Way; their wives were turned into stars.

776 821 When the sun-woman sinks beneath the western horizon, and the light from the blazing torch leaves the sky, the *Maludaianini* travel in a long line across the firmament (similar to the processional caterpillars at the beginning of the wet season), visiting their wives, the stars, as they go.

[827] Early in the evening the men of the Milky Way rub their hands over their bodies to remove the dried perspiration. This dried perspiration, falling on the eyelids of the aboriginal people, make them heavy with sleep.[65]

X 532 Three bark paintings, Pl. 60D, Pl. 62A, and Pl. 63C, illustrate the myth of the men of the Milky Way.

776 821 The black bars between *c*, *c*, and *c*, *c*, Pl. 60D, are the men of the Milky Way, the *Maludaianini*; the white disc, *a*, being their camp, while similar white designs, *b*, *b*, indicate the camps of their star wives.

The central white panel, *d*, is the Milky Way; the dark squares, *e*, *c*, etc., are the red clouds at sunrise and sunset, the dark-coloured vertical panels on either side of *d*, white cumulus clouds at night, and the six black discs, dark-coloured clouds, in the night sky.

Pl. 62A is another painting of the Milky Way. The circles with the radiating lines are the camp fires of the stars, the background being the shadows cast by those fires. The Coal Sack in which there are no fires, is the camp of the star women.[66]

The lighter panels, leading from the upper left to the lower right, are the men of the Milky Way, the *Maludaianini*, the darker panels, from upper right to lower left, indicate the night sky.

Reading from the left on the lower edge, panels one, three and five symbolize cumulus clouds, *Kumbaratina*, of the night sky, and two, four and six, unidentified clouds, called *aratinia*.

The dotted panels on Pl. 63C represent the men of the Milky Way, the barred panels, the "roads", i.e., dark spaces, in the galaxy, and the five horizontal panels, eucalyptus trees in the firmament.

[855] [65] The aboriginal women, to the accompaniment of a lullaby, send their children to sleep by rubbing their fingers together above the face of the child in the same manner as the *Maludaianini* do in the sky.

[66] The Coal Sack is visible at Melville Island only during the hot "wet" season, i.e. from November to March. This had given rise to the belief that the star-women, who make their camp within that heavenly spectacle, do not need fires. The same belief accounts for the fact that, within the Coal Sack there are no stars (the camp-fires of the star-women).

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 O120 Tiwi O120

136
291
516

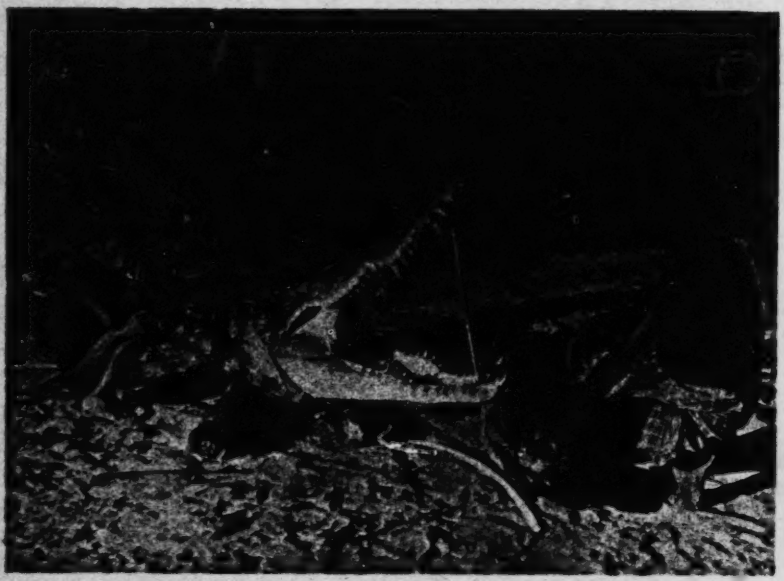

Fig. 11. Even the youngest respect the teeth of the crocodile

approached our fire. "You savey goose?" he asked me. "Oh yes," I said, "we eat him along America." He handed me a large juicy leg which I gave to Albert to divide, then squatted down at the edge of the fire's glow. I handed my tin of tobacco to Alice and she filled her husband's pipe. Picking up a burning branch from the fire, she knocked a hot coal into the bowl of the pipe and began smoking. Soon she handed it to Young Brook. Suddenly our attention was directed to the opposite side of the clearing where Dennis, the four-year old daughter of Black Joe was crying hysterically. Tuki, a tall powerful man of fifty-five, was doing his best to calm her and disentangle himself from her clinging arms so that he could leave. Tuki and his wife, Fat Alice, were a childless couple and

123
[576]
123
855
[597]

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 O120 Tiwi O120

142
291
484
516

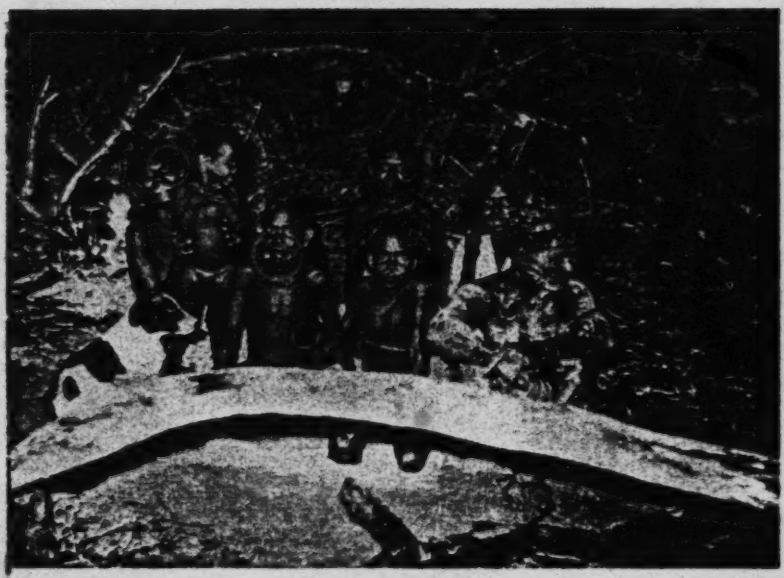

Fig. 12. A Tiwi family camped for the night

123
855
[597]

Black Joe, Fat Alice's brother, had given them his eldest daughter in adoption. However, Dennis spent as much time with her proper parents as with her foster parents and it was quite evident that her affection was at least equally divided. Albert went over and managed to bring the screaming, kicking child back to our camp and asked me to give her some of the hard candy which I had brought with me. It was some time, however, before her attention was sufficiently distracted to allow Tuki and the other men to slip away into the canoe to hunt crocodiles for another night. Agnes commented to me, "Let him cry? That white man rule no good. By and by they go silly."

123
465
521

We strolled back to Black Joe's camp with Dennis, and listened to a discussion concerning the superiority of crocodile hunting over

797 telephone, with which they keep in touch with the Presbytery in Darwin, not only were the good fathers there to greet us, but the children of the mission school had also been given a holiday to celebrate the occasion. Small boys and half-grown lads were there in force and soon crowded round the 'plane. The bearded men against the fence kept in the background, while women and girls peered over the stile that leads into the garden. Men and [291] boys wore only the little naga, women and girls a short sarong —and they are all the better for this lack of clothing.

KINDLY and shrewd old Father Gsell, who founded the mission rather more than a quarter of a century ago, has his own ideas with regard to the black man. He does not ruin his health by dressing him (or her) up in mission clothing, and he sees that the blacks who come into the mission do not become mere spongers and hangers-on. When a black asks for flour or anything else that he requires, Father Gsell replies, "What have you to give for it?" He may have a spear, for which the good father has no use, but he will take it, or anything that the black can offer in payment. If the black's reply is "Nothing," Father Gsell will say "Well, you are a big, strong man; you can dig the garden."

It does not matter that the garden has been dug before. The thing is to keep the blacks from becoming cadgers. Treated so, they retain their self-respect and do not degenerate into useless loafers hanging round the mission station, just for what they can get without any effort. The mission fathers, of course, do all they can for the sick and injured—that is an entirely different matter. Every missionary who has been long on any field in North Australia must recognise that it is impossible to do anything with a full-grown black to alter his outlook in any way, and the methods of the Sacred Heart Mission must appeal to all unbiassed members of any church as admirable commonsense.

It is only with the very young that the missionaries can hope for any success in the inculcating of Christian ideals, and it is towards the little boys and girls that the good fathers look for 797 the reward of their self-sacrificing labours. They are able to get them, too, without pandering to the laziness of their parents. 562 The natives, who are always fond of children, are quite willing 567 to have their little boys well fed and well looked after; but, 439 when it comes to the girls, self-interest enters into the question. Little girls can be sold to the Japanese of the pearling fleets, [855] and the Japanese are liberal in the matter of prices.

FATHER Gsell must therefore buy the girls in competition with the Japanese. It has been said that this is countenancing a shameful and revolting slave-trade, and that to buy the girls is definitely wrong in principle. What would the worthy critics do? Are they content to see this dreadful traffic continued, or have they any practical alternative to offer? Father Gsell is trying at least to save as many girls as possible from the horrible fate in store for them. The regular patrol of North Australian waters by the forces of the Government may eventually put an end to the practice, but what of all these little girls in the meantime? As they grow up, the Christian boys and girls marry one another, and, as the Christians have one wife only, they are unwilling to sell or to hire her out to the Japanese. This, like all the dealings of the Sacred Heart Mission with the islanders, is based on practical common sense.

[p. 14(B)]